O'Keefe, Akoond of Swat.

WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY WM. HAMILTON OSBORNE.

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CHAPTER XI.

The Chief of Police, the Two Rogues and the Gentleman From New York.

There was an added vigilance noticeable in the attitude of the plain clothes force at town as usual, could not help noticing that there was an atmosphere of vague unrest about. It disturbed him, but it made him all the more determined to stay where he was. To attempt to leave he was quite sure would precipitate a crisis. He was

not looking for crises. One thing worried him especially. That was the danger of arrest in civil actions for fraud. It was threatened in more than one case. It seemed that the original Billington O'Keefe had made false representations as to his financial ability, upon the faith of which large credit had been extended to him. This had an ugly look, and Smith did not like it.

A crisis was approaching. The town, which at one time swore by Billington O'Keefe, now began to swear at him. which at one time swore at him.
O'Keefe, now began to swear at him.
In the midst of it, little Mrs. Hallowell,
the widow, called on Constitutional Smith.
"Mr. O'Keefe," she began, "you have a
\$5,000 bond of mine."

Solo bond of mine."

again laying that plump arm upon the ta-

swindled the widow out of three times this amount with compunction. Perhaps if he had been in position to take the cash and light out with it, free as the air, he would light out with it, free as the air, he would light out with it. have done so now. But, as the counterfelt of O'Keefe he was living an honest life, and the probability was that this money would go to his creditors, and that he wuld get no benefit from it. Beyond all that, he had considerable admiration for is little widow who had so much regard

"Madam," he said gravely, handing back the check, "you are one woman in a thou-sand." The widow gave a little gasp of sur-prise and pleasure. "Let me keep the bond —take back this check—and when I—when the air has cleared I shall be able, it may be, to restore even the bond to you. In vilderness of false friends, it is refresh-

a wilderness of false friends, it is refreshing to find one at least who is true."
He said this with a sort of old-fashioned grace which he thought befitted the occasion; and with the same air, he took her hand bent low, and kissed it. It was one of the happingst moments in the little will be a sort to the happingst moments in the little will be a sort to the happingst moments in the little will be a sort to the happingst moments in the little will be a sort to the sort to happiest moments in the little widow's life.
"I believe," she remarked to herself That's the question.
The chief sported.

later. "that he is really beginning to like me—and he used to be so cold and formal."

That woman," commented Smith to himself later, "Is the real kind. She's the woman for Billington O'Keefe. She'll stick to him through thick and thin. She's even better than the girl, though the girl is well enough. But the widow is the thing. Besides, she's plump." Smith scratched his head. "I never cared much for women myself, but, by George, when I do like 'em, I like 'em fat."

Some time before this a plain clothes man in Monroe sat down and indited a let-ter of which the following is a substantial

"Chief of Police, Headquarters, Borough "Chief of Police, Headquarters, Borough Manhattan:
"Sir: In addition to the previous information I have furnished, I have to report that I have investigated the career here of Billington O'Keefe for a period of a few years last past. I find that at times he has been away from town for a considerable time, ostensibly on matters connected with the purchase of mines, cattle, etc. And with the purchase of mines, cattle, etc. And that at other times, when it was supposed he was in town, and confined to his house, he actually was away. The resemblance of this man O'Keefe to Smith is so great, and O'Keefe's business operations here have turned out to be so nefarlous, that I am more than ever convinced that O'Keefe may be Smith, although Smith's almost constant presence in the east seems to contradict this. There is also a rumor here that O'Keefe is not the real O'Keefe at all, but it seems to rest, so far, upon no foundation. I will not move until you order me. In the meantime I would suggest that you enter upon an investigation which would furnish us with absolute proof of the identity of Smith. Will advise you further. Very truly,

It needed not this letter to stimulate the New York force. The New York force was on its mettle. The newspapers there were howling for the production of Smith, and howling at the police force because they were unable to produce him. This western clue at first had seemed ridiculous; but the man detailed to Monroe—a man who was familiar with Smith's appearance—had been so sure of the identity that head-quarters determined to run this clue to

The unfortunate part of it was that while Smith perhaps had been in jail a number of times, he had not always been recognized as Smith, and except for his general appearance and height, etc., there was

nothing to identify him positively.

But the New York force, classical geniuses as they were, are and ever will be delved at once into ancient history. They traced Smith back to his extreme youth. and then followed the trail, slowly but surely, up to his manhood. This took some time, but finally it was more or less satis-factory. They did obtain some valuable information. What it was will appear

There is an old saying that chickens invariably come home to roost. Constitu-tional Smith, except upon rare occasions had kept out of the poultry business. But his recent purchase of two birds had given him much trouble.

Contrary to his custom, he had employed the two young toughs. Nos. 390 and 400, to aid him in his disposition of Billington O'Keefe. He had paid them \$2,000 aplece, a liberal distribution of his wealth. This, it seemed, was not enough. They soon spent the money in riotous living in the city of San Francisco. Then they came

back for more.

They intimated gently that if Constitutional Smith did not, in the then customary parlance, "cough up," they stood ready to stand in with the police department and

hand him over to justice.

On the occasion of their first call Smith took them into his little den. Once they

were there he smiled and shook a warning finger at them.
"Now, look-a-here, you fellows," he ex-

along. Smith was layin' for this fellow, and knocked him out, and dragged him in the little shed."

"Well?" said the chief.

"Well?" said the chief.

"Well, it wasn't more than fifteen minutes more that the door to the shed came open, and a man came out. And right here was the funny part. The man that came out was the man that had been knocked out, that's what. He was as right as trivet. That was the funny thing."

"Well?" said the chief impatiently.

"Well?" said the chief impatiently.

"Well?" went on the other, "we ain't the kind to mix in anything that we ain't up to ourselves. But after this fellow had walked away we went over and peeked into that there shed. And what d'ye think? Say, there was Constitutional Smith lyin' on the floor and breathin' heavy—Constitutional Smith, mind. An' the other man had walked away."

The plain clothes man was taking shorthand notes. The chief again opened his mouth. "Well?" he remarked again.

"That's almost all there is to it. We skipped. We hadn't no business there, an', naturally, we didn't want to get in a mix up over it, and that's all, except just one thing—"

"And that thing? asked the plain clothes claimed, "I know you, and I know your record. I took pains to find a good deal out about you before I ever put you on that job. I know a good deal more now. I'm Constitutional Smith. If you don't know what that means, you go to 'Frisco, and ask a few fellows there if they ever heard of Constitutional Smith."

He knew by their looks that they had asked. "Now, you done your work and you been paid—paid well. It's more money," he added contemptuously, "than you small fry ever turned in your measly little lives."

He paused an instant, then stepped suddenly forward and grabbed each of them by the scruff of the neck. He knocked their heads gently together.

"You fellows have been paid and you don't get a cent more, see? Understand? I want you to know that I'm Constitutional Smith, and if you fellows cut up any monkey shipes around me I'll play one of

monkey shines around me I'll play one of

you're a couple of d— shysters, and you know it. Clear out. Go on. Come back here and you'll get something you won't in the attitude of the plain clothes force at Monroe. Efflington O'Keefe's failure had redoubled the suspicions of the authorities In New York. Smith, who, notwithstand-ing his financial complication, was about ening letters to Smith. Smith paid no attention to them. He knew well enough that these two men would not peach on him, for if they did they would put their necks in the same noose in which they

The last man that did me dirt is serving a ten years' sentence in the east for one of my jobs. He deserved it. As for you,

placed his. But he reckoned just a bit beyond his host. For the two young toughs, finding themselves down to their bottom dollar. were constrained immediately to adopt il-

legal methods to obtain more. legal methods to obtain more.

They were found one evening, considerably after dark, upon the second floor of a house which did not belong to them. When found, they were carefully examining the contents of a bureau drawer. The drawer contained jewels. Burglary is a serious offense. It's legal definition is just this; "Breaking and entering a dwelling house in the night time, with intent to commit a felony therein." When they came to place the offense of the two toughs over against the definition all the details were correct. It was all right. There was no doubt about it. They had been caught with the "goods".

Show, there is in the annals of the law such a thing as compounding a felony. It usually consists in a compromise between any. He was in for it now.

"Well," he inquired, looking her in the face. She leaned slightly in his direction, again lawing that niumn arm upon the law. complaint or ceases prosecution. This also is a serious offense. Many felonies are compounded, but the parties do not boast of it. But the bulk of the compounded is a serious of the serious compounded. ble.

"Have you pen and ink?" she asked.
Smith, puzzled, produced them. The widow took the pen and producing a small piece of paper, scribbled away for half a minute. Finally she threw the small piece of paper toward him. It was another check to his order for \$5.000. The widow, with a smile not unmixed with an expression of a sympathy and trouble, came closer yet.

compounded, but the parties do not boast of it. But the police departments constantly compound felonies—small ones. They do it for the good of the community. They grant immunity to small criminals in exchange for information leading to the arrest and conviction of greater criminals. When a murder is committed the dives hear about it—it is whispered about in its details among the denizens of the undera smile not unmixed with an expression of sympathy and trouble, came closer yet.

"Mr. O'Keefe," she said, "that and my bond are yours—the widow's mite. I am so sorry, so very sorry for your trouble, and so sorry, so very sorry for your trouble, and so sorry. I hope this will help to straighten you out."

Constitutional Smith was not a boor.

There had been times when he would have shown ishment upon some overlooked offense and in their work in a really simple manner. They round up gangs of well-known criminals, threaten each of them with pundishment upon some overlooked offense and in their work in a really simple manner. ishment upon some overlooked offense, and

No. 399 and 400 understood this system, and although they had been at this juncture caught in the perpetration of a serious of-fense, yet they knew and understood the anxiety of the police force to run the Smith mystery to the earth. Accordingly, after talking the matter over carefully, they concluded to send for the chief. They intimated that they had some news about Constitutional Smith. The chief, without the slightest faith in their appropriate the slightest faith in their announcement, nevertheless had the two produced before him in his office. With him at the time was the plain clothes man from New York. "Now, what have you two fellows got to say?" demanded the chief. "Say it, and

say it quick."

No. 400 shook his head. "That won't do, chief," he answered doggedly. "We may know a story and we may not. The question is if we do know one, and if we can help you put your finger on this here Smith, what good it's a goin' to do us?

That's the question." say it quick."

just the same. "Can't do a thing for you," he answered, "you're in it, that's all. What d'ye think? You ain't got any story anyways. It's only a bluff. You can't get anything out o' me."

"All right, then, chief," said No. 400 wari-

"then send us back. That's all we've

The chief and the plain clothes man put

their heads together and talked for a long

while. Finally the chief again faced the

"Let's see," he inquired, "did you fellows

whet's see," he inquired, "did you fellows swipe anything the other night?"
"Nary thing," they answered, "everything we had was took off'n us. We didn't get a thing." The chief waved his hand.
"It's all right then," he said, "go on and tell your story." Still they shook their heads.

"Not yet," they answered. The chief snorted once more. "Well, then," he said, "I tell you it's all right. I'll see that you are not prosecuted. I promise that, mind, if we can put our hands on this man Smith, and through you. Is that enough?"

The other was famed for heins a man of

The chief was famed for being a man of his word. But it was difficult to get his word. He was too apt to appear to promise, but to fail actually in binding himself. He had bound himself now to the entire satisfaction of the two, and they were satisfaction of the two, and they were satisfaction of the two.

isfied. No. 400, who was the spokesman, began his tale.
"Constitutional Smith was here in town—

he came here some months ago and he's here yet. We saw him when he first came here. We've seen him a good many times since. I'll tell you how it was. We was in Coleman's alley one night, waitin' for a fellow, when we see this Constitutional Smith come down the street and hide in an old shed. He hadn't been there more than

old shed. He hadn't been there more than ten minutes before another fellow came along. Smith was layin' for this fellow, and knocked him out, and dragged him in the little shed."

"And that thing; asked the plain clothes

the door.
"Billy," said the chief to one of them,
"take these two suckers back to the cooler.
We're through with them."
"But," protested No. 400, "I tell you it's

so. Find out for yourself-"
"But, nothin'," said the chief, "you're a couple of merry liars. Take 'em back, They were taken back. The chief whirled in his chair and faced the plain clothes

"What d'ye think of it?" he inquired. The plain clothes man shook his head.

"I'm inclined to think it's true," he answered, "but that's not enough. By George, it's up to us to prove it. We've got to prove that this man here is Smith and not O'Keefe, and we haven't got any evidence of the fact. There's the trouble. If there of the fact. There's the trouble. If there was some positive difference between them that we could put our fingers on. But we don't want to have all New York and all Monroe laughing at us. We want to be mighty careful, but we've surely got to do

something pretty soon."

The chief shook his head. "I don't believe a word of it," he said, "but I ain't so much afraid of tackling Billington O'Keefe that if we get a hook to hang on I won't help you out. You get your information, and I'll go to O'Keefe with you. We can settle it then and there, and he won't mind. I'm

pretty sure of that." A few days later the creditors of Billington O'Keefe, large and small, received a notice that the claims of all would be paid in full, with interest and costs, if any, pro-vided each creditor would attend in person with a general release two evenings later at half-past 8 at the O'Keefe mansion. The foreclosure sale of the house itself was due to take place on the morn-

What these notices meant no one knew. Smith, if he had anything up his sleeve, certainly gave no sign.

Another thing happened on the day of the meeting. The plain clothes man re-ceived a telegram in cipher from New York. Translated, this telegram would

"Smith has letters H. S. tattooed on right arm; dancing girl on left, and Goddess of Liberty on breast. This is correct; just found it out. Proceed."

The plain clothes man exhibited it to

the chief. The chief was pleased.
"Now," he said, "we've got something to work on. We'll have O'Keefe come down here. But, no," he went on, "he's had trouble enough lately. He may not want to come down here. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll call at his house tonight after hours and we can settle this thing in three shakes of a lamb's tail. That's what!"

The plain clothes man did not want to wait. He did not like to take any chances. He was afraid the story might be true; and if so that the bird would fly. But he was in the chief's hands, and under considerable measure of obligation to him, so he

subsided. That night, a little before 8, two men attended at the house of O'Keefe. were the plain clothes man and the chief.
"Mr. O'Keefe in?" asked the chief of

The servant shook her head. The plain clothes man gave an inward groan. He had heard of the meeting called for tonight and he thought that O'Keefe, or Smith, had determined to make a big bluff, and then, without attempting to keep his appointment with his creditors, would leave town and escape.
"I'm pretty sure," said the maid, "that

Mr. O'Keefe went out. But he may have come back. Wait a minute, and I'll see and make sure." She went and returned almost immediate-

ly. "Mr. O'Keefe is in," she said. The plain clothes man sighed with relief. "If you'll give me your names," she continued, 'I'll take them un.' The chief and the plain clothes man ex-

changed significant glances. They had sta-tioned two or three men outside, but they were still afraid of escape. They gave their right names, however, but took the precaution to follow in the footsteps of the They were immediately behind her when she entered the little den. They did not give her time to announce their pres-The chief, somewhat abashed, pressed forward and shook her master by the hand.
"Mr. O'Keefe," he said, "we're here or

The chief snorted, but he was listening errand, but it's a thing that's got to be

The Man at the Table Never Moved.

done, and I know you won't mind it. I'll

The plain clothes man scarcely breathed.

He kept his eye on every movement of the

man sitting at the table. He narrowly watched his countenance.

"Mr. O'Keefe," began the chief again, "I'll tell you what it is. There's a fellow over in New York that's one of the slickest

strong-arm men and swindlers on the con-

tinent. The police over there have laid at

his door any number of crimes. His name is Constitutional Smith—"

The man at the table never moved.

"Hezeklah Smith is his real name, but he's called Constitutional Smith. Now, the point is this: My friend here, Mr. Huckleback, is one of the best men of the whole department over in New York. He's detailed here on this Smith case. They traced Smith here, understand. We're pretty sure that he reached Monroe, but then they lost him. But there's just one thing about him that makes trouble. You see, but for a beard, he looked just like you—"

a beard, he looked just like you—"
The other nodded, and looked from the detective to the chief. "I see," he said

"Exactly," returned the chief, "that's just it. And we ain't saying anything about

it yet, because we don't place no stock in it, and that story is that the real O'Keefe was knocked out, and that Smith, because he looked so much like him, took his place. See? And so it comes down to the possibility—"

The chief stopped and smiled weakly. Then he went on: "To the possibility that —that you're Smith, and not O'Keefe."

The man facing them was so placid and undisturbed that the chief felt like a fool—he was sure he had made a mistake. The

easily; "and then-"

The man at the table never moved.

was nobody else but Billington O'Keefe right here in town. That's who it was. It was Billington O'Keefe."

The chief never moved. Under his hand was an electric button. He pushed it with his finger. A couple of officers appeared at the door.

—that's all. Hang it, I hate to ask you, but I've got to do it."

The man at the table toyed lightly with a metal paper knife. The plain clothes man watched him. Finally the former, still with the knife in his hand, smiled and spoke.

with the knife in his hand, smiled and spoke.

"Would you mind," he asked, "telling me just what those marks were?" The chief looked at the plain clothes man and the plain clothes man fooked at the chief.

"They were," said the plain clothes man, "the initials H. S. and a dancing girl and a Goddess of Liberty, all upon the upper portion of the body."

The man at the table thoughtfully poised The man at the table thoughtfully poised the paper knife in the air.

"Mr. O'Keefe," said the chief. "you've had your own troubles, and I hate to ask

you to do it, but there are some things that we police officers have got to do to accommodate others. Is it too much to ask you to strip here in our presence and let us look at your arms and chest? In one way it's a good deal to ask, but—"
The other had risen. He frowned. "It is a good deal to ask, gentlemen," he began.
He rose to his full height. The plain
clothes man and the chief instinctively
placed their hands upon their hip pockets.
The other man hastily tore off his coat

and vest. Then started forward suddenly and took off his linen shirt. How easily it would have been for Constitutional Smith to leap upon these two men, throw them to the floor, leap through a window and escape. But no such move was made. The chief and the plain clothes man backed off a little and kept tight hold of their re-

"I suppose," said the other man, pausing an instant, "that I must accommodate you. Well, here goes, and good luck to you." Then he did something that caused the chief and the plain clothes man to stand stock still and look on. Their hands fell nervously from their guns. Their eyes oulged out.

And for no apparent reason. For all that this man had done was to remove his inner shirt and exhibit to them his breast and arms. But upon this breast and these arms there were no such designs tattooed such as they had described. Upon the chest there was quite a different design. And the marks upon the arms consisted of two And these two words and that was all. words were "Billington O'Keefe," and nothing more.

For this man was not Constitutional Smith. It was none other than Billington O'Keefe-the real Billington O'Keefe-come back after many months to claim his own. "Well-I'll-be-hanged!" exclaimed the plain clothes man. He grunted with disappointment. "I could have sworn," he said, "that you were Constitutional Smiththough I will confess," he added, "that in this light you don't look so much like him

as I thought you would."
The chief burst into an embarrassed laugh. "Mr. O'Keefe," he said, holding out his hand, "don't give this away to anybody. We'll be the laughing stock of the place. There's a wine supper and a big one due you from me and Mr. Huckleback." Later in the headquarters the chief called for the two toughs. "You're a pretty pair of llars," he said, knocking their heads together, "this cooks your goose. After this you'll go up for the biggest term you can get; and, by George, after that I'll follow you up close. You fellows'll never get a chance to lie to me again. I'll tell you that." He knocked their heads together once more, just for good measure, and then sent them back.

Mr. Huckleback reluctantly telegraphed in detail to New York. Next day he was ordered back home, and he went. Back in the O'Keefe house, Billington O'Keefe was once more donning his wearing apparel, and while he was about it the door below was opened from the outside with the ald of a key, and a man ascended the stairs and entered the den. This man was Consti-

Now it may seem queer that Billington O'Keefe, who by this time knew the whole story about Smith, did not give Smith up to the chief and his gang, for the punish-ment that he deserved. It will appear

later why he did not.

Constitutional Smith stepped inside the room and shut the door. "Who the devil are you?" asked Constitutional Smith, "and what the devil are you doing in my house?" He might have pounced upon O'Keefe at ence, had he so desired, but he did not so desire. It would involve a noisy scuffle, and the house would be alarmed, and it would end in his ruin. Besides, Billington O'Keefe much bolder scheme.
"What the devil are you doing in my

house?" demanded Constitutional Smith.
"I'm Billington O'Keefe," answered the other. "You know that well enough by this time."
"Know it?" retorted Smith, "of course I

wered. "My people will recognize me as O'Keefe. They will know me. It's up to you to prove that you are Billington O'Keefe and that I am not." "I guess that's a simple matter," returned

O'Keefe, "for you have your initials and the Goddess of Liberty and a dancing girl tattooed on your body-foolish of you, too." Smith started. "How did you know that?" he demanded. O'Keefe smiled. He did not answer the question. He tore off his shirt once more. "And these are the marks that I have upon my body," he continued.

Constitutional Smith stared. He was beaten and he knew it. And what was more, Billington O'Keefe knew it. But he admired genius. "You're a clever fellow," he said to Smith. Smith bowed. "I am," he admitted. "So are you, yourself."
O'Keefe beckoned with his hand toward a chair. "Sit down," said Billington O'Keere to Constitutional Smith, "come now and let

us reason together." (To be continued.)

INDIAN BABIES' CRADLES.

Modes of Wrapping Up the Little Redskins So That They Thrive. from the Los Angeles Times.

Fancy a tiny copper-colored pappoose buckled up snugly in a queer buckskin bag that resembles nothing in nature so much as the cozy cocoon cradle of a baby butterfly, and then draw upon your imagination still further, picturing this odd receptacle swinging from the leafy canopy of an Indian wickiup or brush arbor, and you have before you an Indian baby and his wonderful cradle.

Gorgeous yellow butterflies and brown Kiowa babies are seldom linked together in song or story, yet in real life their wrappings, while in the chrysalis state, bear a remarkable resemblance to each other.

The cocoon cradle proper and its various modifications as found among the different tribes of North American Indians are conright here we may pause and trace the origin of another famous nursery rhyme to the Indian cocoon cradle. For did not the father of Baby Bunting go a-hunting to get a little rabbit's skin to wrap that mythical baby in? All full blood Klowa bables are born into the Pho-li-yo-ye, or Rabbit Circle, and are taught to dance in the mys-terious Circle of Rabbits as soon as they

learn to toddle, belonging to the Rabbit Order of the Kiowa soldiery. Hence a rabbit skin would be a very ap-propriate wrapping for a Kiowa Baby Bunting, though neither large enough nor strong enough for his cradle. The red deer of the forest, quarry of the redskinned hunter, gives of his beautiful covering to make the cradle that is to swing from the treetop, literally treetops, cut from the cottonwoods and elms that fringe the clear little streams ripning through the Kierre little streams rippling through the Kiowa reservation, and piled high on a frame-work of poles, to serve as a "summer par-lor" in front of his father's tepee. The crude deer hide is carefully dressed by a tedious and secret process known only

to these Indians, and when finished is as soft and pliant as the most expensive chamois skin. Then loving fingers skill-fully embroider with quills beautiful beadwork designs upon the delicately tinted deerskin. Kiowa cradles are more ornamental than those of other tribes, and Kiowa squaws excel in that marvelous In-dian beadwork now the popular fad of their paleface sisters. Some of this beadwork embroidery is not only very beautiful, but very elaborate. The Sioux squaws, who alone rival their Klowa sisters, ornament the cradles of their little ones with bands of deerskin, upon which are wrought, in of deerskin, upon which are wrought, in colored beads, gorgeous patterns of men, horses, birds, fish and flowers. Instead of a wooden framework they substitute a basketwork frame of reeds and sometimes "And that thing? asked the plain clothes man:

"The man that had been knocked out, we found out later, was the man who lay on the floor of the shed. Smith had changed clothes with him. We thought he was Smith. Smith walked away in that man's clothes. And he did it because he looked like him, or pretty much like him at any rate. And the man that had been knocked out—"

"That's the point," said the plain clothes man kept still and said nothing, said the chief, "the New York gang suspect that you're Smith and not O'Keefe. Now, they've struck just one way to prove it, and that's just why we're here tonight."

"And that one way," asked the other, easily, just what is that?"

The chief stammered. "That—this here Smith," he said, "had some tattoo marks on him, and these marks we know, and we —we want to see if you've got these marks."

Social Settlement Established by Colored Workers.

PLAN IS A SUCCESS

CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT THRIFT TEROUGH STAMP SAVING.

Mothers' Meetings Are Largely Attended-Little Ones Are Interested in Flower Gardens.

The application of the social settlement idea to the peculiar circumstances and conditions of the colored race is something comparatively new under the sociological sun. Such a settlement has been established at 118 M street southwest, in the midst of what is known as "Blood Field," a term whose significance is at once accurate and ominous. This is the most congested portion of the colored population of the national capital and has all of the special. pressing problems that grow out of the congestion of rude and crude elements. It is believed to be entirely fitting that this work should have been inaugurated in the very heart of "Darkest Washington." Hardworking people and the idle and viclous are found in the closest neighborhood.



Mrs. Sadie Collins Fernandis. Resident Worker.

The close proximity of honest poverty and vicious sloth renders the task one of great

delicacy and tact.
The settlement house is about midway The settlement house is about midway between 1st and 2d streets on the south side of M street, and is not outwardly distinguishable from the other dwellings which environ it. The free use of this building was tendered by a young lady who is interested in "Neighborhood House," a similar undertaking for white people on N street a few blocks away. The establishment has been in operation for about two ment has been in operation for about two years, first as a social center and later as was holding a revolver in his hand. Constitutional Smith had determined upon a much bolder scheme.

a social settlement, and its promise and partial fulfillment have filled the workers with enthusiasm and determination to carry it forward to fuller fruition. The pices of the Associated Charities, have un-dertaken a study of the various problems connected with the dependent, delinquent "Know it?" retorted Smith, "of course I and deficient colored people in this community. Mr. Charles F. Weller, secretary of the Associated Charities, has given the fullest encouragement and assistance.

Aided by Their Own Race.

This endeavor of the more favored ele ment of the colored people to aid their less fortunate fellows is regarded commendable and significant. The seeming lack of sympathy and helpful relation between the two classes of the same race has been widely remarked upon as a matter of reproach The colored individuals who rise above the level of their race usually have so many dependents in their own family or among their relatives and immediate circle of friends as to exhaust their charitable en-ergy and resources. This accounts in large part for the fact that while three-fifths of the public charitable relief in this com-munity goes to the colored race, the col-ored man himself has contributed very little in either the way of means or organized effort. It is encouraging, however, to know that the educated colored men and women are reaching out in wider and wider cir-cles to include in their kindly ministrations all who suffer and are heavy laden. The social settlement enterprise is chiefly dependent upon the educated and resourceful colored men and women of Washington for personal service and financial support. The best-known names in this community are among the volunteers who are carrying on its various branches of activity.

The Resident Worker.

The most difficult problem in social settlement work is to find a suitable resident worker. There is perhaps no field of philanthropic endeavor that calls for so full a measure of self-detachment, altruistic devotion and winsome resourcefulness. The cheapness of good advice is pressed in a well-known and well-worn formula. In this day of gigantic philanthropic contributions almsgiving has become almost as free and as readily bestowed as verbal advice. But this is not looked upon as charity. which the apostle describes as the greatest of all virtues. The successful resident worker possesses the quality of courage both in the active and the passive voice. She knows how to approach all sorts and conditions of men and, more fearful to be said. of women, too; and is at the same time structed from the skins of animals. And easily and pleasantly approachable by

> The promoters of the social settlement have been very fortunate in securing the services of Mrs. Sarah Collins Fernandis as resident worker. Mrs. Fernandis is a graduate of Hampton, under Gen. S. C. Armstrong, who evolved his own pedagogic method. Through this former pupil the influence of Gen. Armstrong's spirit has touched the shade places and plague spots of the national capital. Mrs. Fernandis has done educational and missionary service in several southern states and cities, and brings to the work the ripe experience of a seasoned worker. To observe her as mimic military maneuvers fill the denizens



BACK YARD "AFTER" PLANTING FLOWERS.

new meaning of the motto, "Going about doing good."

The Matron's Tact.

Mrs. Fernandis has the knack of putting the humblest as well as the most despicable at perfect ease in her presence. The neighborhood and the region round about, under the tactful handling of the resident worker, have been brought into full sympathy and cheerful co-operation with the project; and ings are arranged from time to time for indeed many of them express great pride in having such an institution located in their midst. The object is to establish in close proximity to the alleys a home the order and neatness of which will be an object lesson and an inspiration. Mrs. Fernandis lives in the little house on M street, keeps "open house," visits frequently in the neighboring homes and alleys and is on hand at any time for emergency calls. The girls are invited in to assist and observe the orderly industries of a well-regulated home on a moderate and frugal

plan. The social settlement conducts several lines of activity. Mrs. Fernandis started a "day nursery," when she found the pitiable condition in which working mothers left their little babies all day while they were engaged as domestic servants. A nominal tax of 5 cents a day is charged for each child. The children are given a start in cleanliness, wholesome diet and sanitary surroundings which the mothers imitate and carry forward as far as their cramped circumstances will allow. The infant mortality among colored infants in this city is frightful to contemplate. This alarming death rate is due to lack of proper care and liet. The day nursery is calculated in large degree to overcome this evil and give a bet-ter chance of life to the least of these lit-

A Kindergarten Class.

The kindergarten class takes up the work where the day nursery leaves off, the attendants ranging from three to six years of age. There is a wide dispute in the educational world as to the exact value of the kindergarten as an educational asset. But nearly all agree that it is of the largest advantage to children of the humble and neglected classes. It is generally believed that the present state of the colored child is most readily reached and remedied by such instruction which reaches as far down as the kindergarten work of the social settlement reach the child at the most tender

she goes about her varied ministries is to of the alleys with a sense of self importance and personal dignity. through the manual of tactics, with their broomstick guns, with all the pomp and pride of a major general in the regular

Mothers Are Instructed.

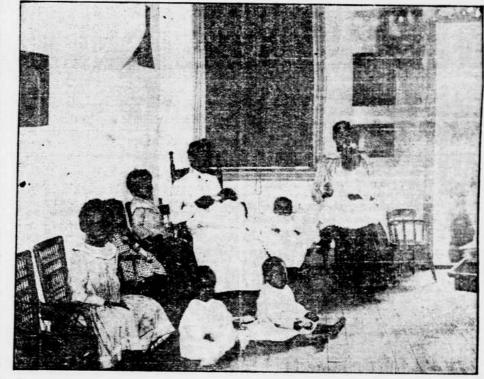
There is also a mothers' club, devoted to the instruction of mothers in the ordinary duties of housekeeping, child caring and the general functions of motherhood. Meetlectures, talks and conferences bearing upon preventive and remedial measures for dealing with the backward and neglected classes. The teachers and advanced pu-pils in the public schools have shown an active interest in this movement. The pu-pils of the colored normal school have been particularly active. Here they find a field for acquiring laboratory experience in a line of work which will count as an impor-tant factor in their future success as teach-

A most important feature of the settle-ment work is to inculcate the habit of thrift and economy through the stamp sav-ing system. The value of this phase of the cannot be over-emphasized, it is believed.

Taught to Save Stamps.

The stamp-saving agency has to contend with and overcome the traditional habits and ingrained prejudices of the people as well as the greed and rapacity of those who prey upon them. But encouraging progress has been made. Weekly collections are made from about one hundred families. Many of these make their small savings in summer for food, fuel and clothing for the coming winter. In some cases the woman is compelled to hide her books from her better half. For in "Darkest Washington" they fully appreciate the sentiment of the popular song: "Let the Women D othe Work, While the Men Take It

Easy."
The local branch of the national flower guild placed at the disposal of the settle-ment a number of packets of flowers and the neighboring families for the improvement of their back yards. The result has been little less than magical. Yards which as far back as memory runneth had been the repository for ashes, tin cans, broken bottles, soap boxes and miscellaneous as-sortment of plunder, whose inextricable



DAY NURSERY CHILDREN.

and plastic period, and that, too, in a sec tion where other wholesome influences are least likely to obtain. This work is con ducted under the direction of a trained and competent kindergartener, who volunteers

her services. Playgrounds for Children.

Mrs. Fernandis is also in charge of the playgrounds for colored children in the southwest section of the city. The little gamins from the nooks and crannles of many a darksome alley, whose time is mainly spent dodging the shadow of the policeman, find an outlet for their boyish spirits on the playground. It is regarded as encouraging to note that the municipal au-thorities and public school officials are keenly alive to this feature of civic awaken-

There is a boys' class composed of little fellows, who on the night set apart for their entertainment gather about the place and watch eagerly for lamp lighting time, and watch eagerly for lamp lighting time, which is the signal that their hour has arrived. They eagerly rush in pell mell, and gather about the conductor, who is an adept at telling pleasant and entertaining stories. The Holy Scriptures, Aesop's Fables, Uncle Remus, Mother Goose books and Ernest Themseon Setop's writings are rangeled. Thompson Seton's writings are ransacked in quest of stories to amuse and delight the little folks. The club for larger boys takes up where this leaves off, and is devoted mainly to reading juvenile literature and indulging in wholesome games. The military club is under the instruction of an officer of the public school cadets. Even

tables. Where the night shade and jimson weed once struggled together for existence now may be seen the attractive glow of the nasturtium, the petunia and the verbena. The striking contrast revealed by the "before" and "after" aspect of one of these yards would cause the patent medicine man to grow green with envy.

Prizes for Flower Gardens.

A prize was offered to the gardener whose yard showed the greatest improvement. On Saturday, July 30, the judges, consisting of Mr. Glascoff and Miss Curry, agents of the Associated Charities, and Prof. Kelly Miller of Howard University, inspected the yards and awarded the prize, which consisted of a photograph of La France roses in-terspersed with maidenhair ferns. The winner was as proud of the distinction at the holder of a gold medal from a county fair or as a Greek athlete over his ivy chaplet. Many believe that through the ministry of flowers may be found the se-cret to arouse the domestic and civic pride of these people as nothing else can do

Is "Exradio" an Element? From Harper's Weekly. Radium emits radiation of two forms.

cnown as alpha and beta rays, and, in addition, an emanation which possesses many curious properties. It is a gas, apparently, which is radioactive itself, and is capable of communicating radioactivity to such bodies as it comes in contact with. This emanation has recently been the subject of a careful investigation by Sir William Ramsay and Frederick W. Soddy, who have reached the conclusion that it is a gas possessing independent, though destructible, properties which entitle it to be considered an element. Accordingly, they have gested for it the name of "exradio." emanation used in their experiments was obtained by dissolving radium bromide in water, with the result that the latter was decomposed into hydrogen and oxygen. This mixture, which is explosive, was then detonated, and the remaining hydrogen and radium emanation was cooled by liquid air, so that the hydrogen could be removed from the condensed radium emanation. The gas when the pressure was reduced, exgas when the pressure was reduced, expanding very nearly according to Boyle's law, which states that the space occupied by a gas is inversely as the pressure. The emanation emits sufficient light to see the hands and figures on a watch, but its luminosity gradually disappears. Originally the gas has a spectrum of its own, but after the property of the state of the second property is and by reducing the being kept awhile and by reducing the pressure and slightly heating, a gas with a volume four times as great was obtained which gave the spectrum of helium.

More Motor Power.

From the Philadelphia Press. "Shaffer went out driving behind a plus of a livery horse yesterday." "That's so, his automobile was wred

last week, wasn't it?"
"Yes. Well, the old plug balked, wouldn's

budge a step; so Shaffer started off absenta

BACK VARD "REPORE" PLANTING FLOWERS.